I one, my lord ;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
SCROOP. So did you me, my liege.
GREY. And me, my royal sovereign.
K. HEN. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there
is yours : —
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham: — and, sir
knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours: —
Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.— ^
My lord of Westmoreland, — and uncle Exeter. —
We will aboard to-night. — Why, how now, gentle-
men ?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion ? — look ye, how they change !
Their cheeks are paper. — Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance ?
CAM. I do confess my fault ;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
*GREY. SCROOP** To which we all appeal.
K. HEN. The mercy that was quick[9] in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd ;
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them *. —
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge
here, —
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him [1] with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour ; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,

* Folio, *you.*

9— quick —] That is, living. JOHNSON.
[1] To furnish HIM —] The latter word, which is wanting in the

first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second.

* MALONE.